He kissed the rosy lips, & got a pretty little love-tap on his ear for his pains. Everybody laughed, & we all fell to joking & chaffing & had such a good time. By & by Mr. Cadaver took down the old family Bible, put on his spectacles & reverently read a chapter, & then prayed. We always had family worship, morning & evening.

But as I said before, trouble was to come. Business began to grow dull while the winter was still upon us. It steadily slackened. Presently it had so dwindled that there was

no trade but in chronic consumptions, & it is hardly worth while to mention that there is never much doing in cases of that sort in little country villages. The joy in the faces of the family gradually gave way to anxious looks, & we had but little pleasant talk, evenings. Things only grew worse as time went on. The spring opened gloomily. We had day after day of brilliant sunshine, clamor of warbling birds, balmy, healing, vivifying atmosphere — There was everything to make us dismal, heartsick, hopeless. — The spring dragged its